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Wm Bronscombe Dec 04

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'Happy Land.'

'Father, do look up, and do speak to me,' said a pleading voice. And a tiny hand was thrust between the big clasped ones, on which her father's head was bowed.

He lifted up a white face, and said to his little daugher, 'What is it, darling?'

'I'm so frightened, daddie,' she answered. 'Do come and sit on the sofa with me. The house is so still, and I can't find mother: 'I've just come back from auntie's, you know. When I asked nurse where mother was, she told me to ask you. Where is she?'

'She's gone on a long journey,' answered her father in a broken voice. 'She's gone far, far away from here, and—'

'Has she gone to "happy land, far, far away?"' asked his little daughter, eagerly; 'to the "happy land" she taught me to sing about?'

'Yes, May, that's where she's gone,' said her father, relieved at her suggestion.

'O then, it's all right,' answered May, 'because Jesus is there. She told me that some day soon she was going, and that you and I must be sure to go there after her. We will, won't we, father?' she said, as she nestled close up to him. 'It's so still and sad without her, but I know she did so want to see Jesus. Tell me more about him and "happy land," please!'

But though he kissed his child very tenderly, Hugh Carroll would say nothing on either subject, for he boasted that he was an infidel.

The solemn fact that he did not know the God his young wife in her long illness had learned to love and serve, came upon him with great force some twelve months later. He had gone to South Africa for change of scene and variety, and had set off up country to see an old schoolfellow, who he heard was at a distant store. On the way he was seized with fever, and suddenly found himself very ill in a lonely place, with only a few Kaffirs about him. Thoughts of his loved wife and child came to him, and he feared that he would never see his little daughter again.

'If I die, shall I go to my wife?' he said to himself. 'No, I know nothing about that "happy land" where May loves to picture her.'

He grew worse and became delirious, and day and night his cry was: 'How can I get to "happy land?" Tell me the way to the "happy land."' His Kaffirs, to whom he had been a kind master, did all they could for him, but that question was beyond them. At last he rallied a little, and they determined to take him to a doctor. A bullock-waggon was the only means of conveyance, and the jolting brought on intense pain. Still his cry from half-unconscious lips was, 'Tell me the way to "happy land."'

On the second day, the little procession halted for the night on a little plateau. Very soon afterwards, a tall Englishman on horseback, followed by several waggons, arrived at the same place, prepared to spend the night there. He dismounted, and, hearing of the sick man, was soon in the little tent where he lay, and he heard the feverish lips murmuring: 'Tell me the way to "happy land."' The speaker opened his eyes in surprise as a deep, manly voice said, quietly—

'Jesus said, "I am the Way."'

Mechanically the invalid repeated the six words; and he did the same thing over and over again during the night. At daybreak the Englishman was again beside him, and saw that the simple remedies he had given him had greatly relieved him.'

'I heard,' he said, 'that you are bound for Pietermaritzburg—so am I; but I am in no hurry. I propose that you rest here a day or two, and then that we travel on together. I can show your Kaffirs how to make a kind of hammock in which you can ride much more comfortably.'

'Why do you delay your journey and take so much trouble for a stranger?' inquired the sick man.

'Naturally one helps a fellow countryman in distress,' answered James Moore, with a smile, 'and your delirious questions last night showed me that you are seeking the Saviour, and I thank God for the privilege of telling you about him.'

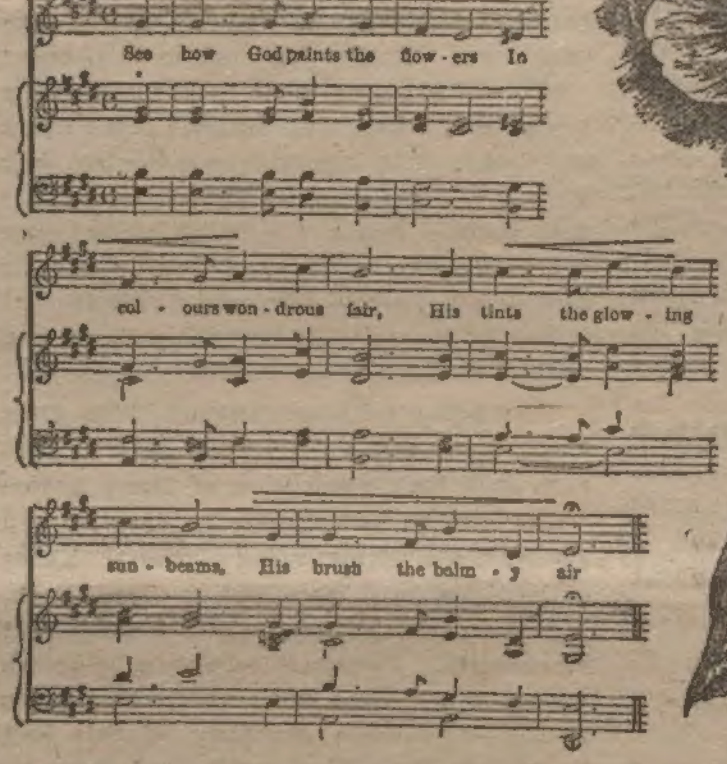
'O do,' answered the invalid, eagerly; 'I am utterly wretched. As I lie here I long to be ready to die, and to join my wife in heaven; but I see the sins of my life spread out before me. I am too sinful to hope to enter what my little daughter calls "Happy Land." Besides, I don't know how to get there.'

'Listen to God's words about this,' said the traveller, as he took a small Bible from his pocket, and read some such text as: '"Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (I. Tim. i., 15); "The Son of Man

A Flower Song.

Words by LADY BAKER

Music by ALFRED REDHEAD



Then listen, maidens, listen,
Alike to sun and breeze,
Who whisper, 'We can teach you
To be as fair as these!

'The Rose so sweet and modest,
Lifts up a blushing face;
Each maiden who is like her
Needs not to hide her face.

'The Lily, pure and saint-like,
Reflects the sunbeams bright;
Keeps but your hearts, oh, maidens,
As stainless and as white.

'Heartsease and Balm of Gilead,
Say have you none of these?
No balm for wounded spirits,
For aching hearts no ease?'

O maidens! look around you;
Each little blossom knows
Some secret of true beauty
Which to our touch it owes.

But you must all remember
How fair soe'er you are,
There is a higher beauty
That is more precious far.

is come to seek and to save that which was lost" (Luke xix., 10).'

'"Sinners," "lost," those words just fit me,' murmured Hugh Carroll. 'And I have thought so much about your words, "Jesus said, I am the Way." But can he, will he, receive such a sinner as I am? Will he be "the Way" to me, and give me the "eternal life" you speak of, and that my dear wife used to talk about?'

'He said: "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out,"' answered James Moore, as he slipped away to leave the invalid to think over God's words, and to pray that the Holy Spirit would speak them with power to his heart.

And abundantly was that prayer answered. Both travellers stayed for several days on the little plateau, and Hugh Carroll's health improved daily. But, best of all, as a little child he came to the Saviour. One day he said, with a glad smile, to his fellow traveller:

'God has made it all clear to me now. I see that the Lord Jesus is, indeed, "the Way." It is in him that "we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins." And he has redeemed and forgiven me.'

'Let us praise him together,' said his friend. And after prayer both sang the Magnificat, and the sleepy Kaffirs outside heard a deep bass voice and a weak tenor one chanting, 'My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.'

Two months later, in his Master's strength, and in his Master's company, Hugh Carroll returned to England to serve and glorify his new-found Saviour.

Let me pass on to you a thought about the Lord Jesus being 'the Way':

Without the way—there's no going,
Without the truth—there's no knowing,
Without the life—there's no living.
Jesus said, 'I am the Way, the Truth and the Life.'

—African Story.

On Demoniacal Possession

A RECALLED TALK OF THOMAS K. BEECHER'S.

(H. Clay Trumbull, in "S. S. Times.')

While, in 1858, the second service of the North Congregational Church, in Hartford, was a general Bible class, including all ages, it was a novel and attractive service, and therefore well attended. Dr. Bushnell, the pastor, was usually present, and made a closing address on the topic of Bible study for the day. A series of Bible lessons was arranged for the first year on the Friends and Enemies of Jesus. One of these lessons was on John the Baptist, the Friend and Forerunner of Jesus. A later lesson was on the Demons, the Enemies of Jesus.

On the Sunday for this latter lesson, as on the Sunday for the former, I was an interested visitor. On this second occasion, the Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, then, as for many years after, of Elmira, was also present. He and I sat together in the lower part of the audience room. Toward the close of the hour for study, Dr. Bushnell came down to where we sat, and said, in his abrupt and hearty way:

'Here, I want you two up front. You must do the talking to-day. Trumbull, I want you to talk about the Sunday-school. Beecher, I want you to talk about the Devil.'

We did as we were told to do. What I said of the Sunday-school I do not remember, and it is of no importance if I did. What Beecher said of the Devil I do remember, and it is well worth remembering. Although I have no record of its substance, it is fresh in my mind after these more than forty years, and I deem it worth giving to others as I recall it.

Added force will be given to this address of Mr. Beecher if the fact be borne in mind that at that time what was called 'Spiritualism' was the religious fad of the hour. 'Spirit rappings,' by the aid of 'mediums,' were the entertainment of 'spiritual séances' in the community generally. Hartford was quite a centre of the delusion. Andrew Jackson Davis, the high-priest of the cult, and his brilliant wife, were residents of Hartford. Hence any word on spiritual possessions would be sure to fall on open ears in a Hartford congregation. Mr. Beecher said, in substance:

'All of us believe that there is in every one of us a spirit that controls and directs our body, that can live even when our body dies. We who are Christians believe that another spirit, the Spirit of God, can come into our bodies, and dwell there, as in a temple, while our own spirit is still in our body, and that that Holy Spirit can control and direct our spirit.

'The Bible tells us that in olden time there were evil spirits that entered into men and took possession of them, sometimes singly, sometimes by sevens, and sometimes a whole legion of them. These evil spirits held men captive, drove men, tore men, denied men their liberty and personality. The question naturally comes up,—it must have come up in this place to-day,—"Is there anything of this sort in modern times?" I am afraid there is, and I want to be on the watch against the dread possibility.

'Suppose I lived on Broadway, where the crowd was surging past in both directions all the time. Would I leave my doors and windows open, saying to the crowd of strangers, "Enter my door, pass through my hall, come into my parlor, make yourselves at home in my dining-room, go up into my bed-chambers"? Would that be my way with my home and with the outside world? No, no! I'd have my windows and doors barred and locked against intruders, to be opened only to me and mine, and those whom I would have as companions. That would be my way, and that would be yours.

'Yet here we see poor, foolish men and women opening their ears, and eyes, and noses, and mouths, and stretching out their arms, and saying to the spirits of the vasty deep: "Come in and take possession of me. Write with my hands, think with my brain, speak with my lips, walk with my feet, use me as a medium for whatever you will."

'Let us remember that God respects the sanctity of the dwelling-place of man's spirit. So does he honor that, that even the Son of God himself says to each soul: "I, even I, stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."

'O Holy Spirit, enter my being as thy temple, and there fill every room so that there shall be no space for any other to come in. Let me be full of thee, and controlled wholly by thee.'

I have never ceased to be glad that I heard that talk on that theme by that speaker in that place. I would have others to be helped by it.

Postal Crusade.

We take pleasure in acknowledging $2 from Mrs. Harper, of Bower Island, B.C., for 'Messengers' to India; also $3 from Mrs. Smith, of the same place, for stamps. Mrs. Cole writes:—

'It is very good of this kind friend to provide so generously for stamps. The whole expense of stationery, etc., for the overseeing of this endeavor falls on me, as I am in no way connected with any society or publication. I make this statement for the good of the work. Many write to me in Canada letters of enquiry, and as I have only medium time and strength, I thought a little paper to keep up interest would be helpful. As the subscription list is not large enough as yet to cover expenses, I will be obliged to send it out once in two months for the present.' "A Friend," who is a tenth giver, sends $10.00. My sincere thanks are due to all these kind friends, and my heart lighter in thinking of the coming winter's work. The next issue of the "Post-Office Crusade" will be for September and October.'

Faithfully,
M. EDWARDS-COLE,
112 Irvine Ave.,
Westmount, Que.

What Is Your Excuse?

If you are offered happiness and refuse it, What is your excuse? If someone offers to supplant misery and distress with peace, enjoyment of life and comfort of body, and you allow it not, What is your excuse? Mr. Theo. Noel, whose announcement appears in these columns, wants to know what is your excuse, if you are sick and ailing and refuse to accept the offer of thirty days' trial of 'Vitae-Ore' at his risk which he is making to the readers of this paper.

The offer, 'PERSONAL TO SUBSCRIBERS,' has appeared in these columns a number of times during the past two years, and hundreds are to-day blessing the day they read and accepted it, else Mr. Noel could not continue his announcements from time to time. If you fear its genuineness, ask any of your fellow-subscribers who have accepted it, and then, if YOU don't accept, What is your excuse? You need the medicine; you can have it for the asking, you take no risk. What is your excuse?

The editors of the best periodicals in Canada endorse Mr. Noel and his offer. Let their endorsement be YOUR EXCUSE for writing to-day for a package on trial. See large announcement in this issue.

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BOYS AND GIRLS

Uncle Nathan's Money.

(Minna Stanwood, in 'Wellspring.')

'It will cost just thirty-five dollars to keep Nora all summer, to say nothing of her board!' announced Maud, looking up from her figuring, and tapping the table in a business-like way with her pencil.

'It will cost something to eat all summer, and a trifle to pay for gas and ice and soap and various other insignificant things which two normal ladies find indispensable in this enlightened day and age,' went on the girl, gayly.

'You speak as if you were somebody else, objected her mother. 'Anyone would think that it was the finest thing in the world to be poor. I don't believe you care.'

At that the girl's gayety vanished. It was not very deep-seated. 'Now, see, mother dear,' she began, earnestly, 'caring will not not make one hundred and nine dollars and twenty-three cents any more, and not caring will assuredly make it less. I thought we might plan, dear, and do the wisest way.'

'And there's your Uncle Nathan with all that money,' wailed Mrs. Peters.

The woe-begone face of the little invalid, and her mournful utterance of her chronic plaint, made Maud laugh genuinely. 'O mother, if we had a dollar for every time you've said that these last three years, we could keep Nora and have a new dress a piece.'

Mrs. Peters looked grieved. 'I tell you I never can understand how an uncle with such a lot of money can be so hard-hearted.'

'I know, dear,' said Maud, consolingly, 'but we can't help it. We're just as nice as we can be, but if Uncle Nathan don't think so, we can't make him. So let's give it up. We've sent out sighs enough after Uncle Nathan's money to send several ships across the ocean, and we've shed tears enough over that and various other things to make the said ocean. And now, seeing we've equipped a maritime commerce, suppose we say, "Let Uncle Nathan keep his old money, every cent of it, and let him keep his old influence, every bit of it, and let us paddle our own canoe."'

Mrs. Peters sighed impatiently. 'You're young and strong, and independence looks very fine to you, no doubt; but if your Uncle Nathan keeps his influence, as you say, how are you to get a school here in Duffield?'

Maud looked at her mother. How hard it must be for her to have to sit there day after day, knowing that not by a hand's turn could she help their fortunes! The daughter's heart smote her. She had tried to be patient, but had she been patient enough? Did her quick-spoken words seem harsh sometimes? She wondered. Did she realize, did anyone realize, how much heroism it took to sit like that with no prospect of ever being better? Oh, no, surely not. And she, herself, she must try to be stronger and cheerier, and shield her mother as her father had always done.

Then, very gently, she began to unfold her plan. 'I've been thinking, mother dear, and it's this way. In the first place, the application is in, and I must stand or fall on my merits. I cannot try to influence Uncle Nathan in my favor; Uncle Nathan isn't the kind that influences. In the second place, seeing our money's gone, and seeing we can't mortgage our house without going against father's advice, and seeing I can't get a school anywhere until September, and seeing Uncle Nathan has a deep, deep pocket with a button on it, we must live as economically as we can on what we have left. To this end, I'm afraid Nora must go next Friday, when her week's up.'

Mrs. Peters groaned. 'But the work, Maud, and the washing. Think of the washing.'

Maud held up her plump white hands and looked at them approvingly. 'I have thought of it, mother,' she declared, bravely. 'These hands can claim intimate acquaintance with dumb-bells and Indian clubs and golf sticks and tennis rackets, and this summer I propose to introduce them to washtubs and scrubbing brushes. I'm going to work on the Squeers method. H-o-u-s-e, house, w-o-r-k, work, housework, then go and do it. It's an excellent system, if Mr. Dickens did make it unpopular. And I shall presently be discovering more muscles than they ever taught us in physiology.'

The muscles were truly discovered, but the interest Maud took in them was not strictly scientific. For instance, when she washed the kitchen floor, she did not rush upstairs to her anatomy to find out just how many muscles were causing disturbance, and what their names were. Consequently she did not make her housework as educational as she might have, but she made it fairly economical. That was the main point. The next point was that she wanted to hear from her application. It had been duly made out and sent to the committee, of which Uncle Nathan was chairman. Uncle Nathan might keep his money in his own bachelor pockets if he wished to, but if he would only look favorably upon that application—even as favorably as he might look upon others!

It was strange, reflected Maud, with what disfavor Uncle Nathan looked upon his brother's family. Perhaps it was on account of the family being women. Maud had heard that Uncle Nathan was accredited with a deep-rooted antipathy to women. But then, she thought, he might be fair enough to allow that neither she nor her mother were responsible for their sex.

Joking aside, the fact remained that Uncle Nathan had not been friendly to his brother's womankind. No, for when Maud told him that she was going to be a teacher, he threw back his head and laughed in a most offensive manner. He said nothing. It was entirely unnecessary, as Maud observed to her mother. That laugh spoke volumes. It told all that wealthy, energetic Mr. Nathan Peters thought of Mrs. William Peters and her daughter, Miss Maud Peters. It told that he did not believe that Miss Maud would have perseverance enough for that severe four years' normal course. And if Uncle Nathan had not laughed that way, who knows? For when Maud got a bit weary, she would hear that laugh. And when she wondered if the little hoard in the savings bank was going to hold out, and questioned if she ought not to take something easier to prepare for, she would hear that laugh. But now she had her normal-school certificate, and she had cast a bomb into the enemy's camp by sending her application to the chairman of the Duffield school board.

'And you didn't hear?' questioned Mrs. Peters, wistfully, when Maud took up her breakfast tray that Monday morning.

'No,' laughed Maud; 'that hard-hearted postman brought no tidings from the battlefield. But perhaps waiting is good discipline. At any rate, you know I have a useful outlet for impatience to-day, namely, the washboard. I'll pretend that every piece is an acceptance that I'm helping on to some would-be schoolma'am. I'm not the only girl on the anxious seat, by any means, mother dear. And the clothes will look clean. Remember how streaked they looked the first washing I did?'

Sick-room cheerfulness doesn't always wash well, especially on dog days, and Maud's was rather losing color in the steam of the kitchen, when the big knock came at the back door.

'Come in, Charlie,' she called, rubbing away. 'You'll find the order on the table. Business is rushing to-day, you see. And, Charlie, if you would just as soon not knock quite so loud, next time, please. You kind of startle nervous wash-ladies'—

'That's all right,' interrupted a big voice,' 'but if you could stop long enough to look round, you'd find that my name doesn't happen to be Charlie.'

Then Maud made haste to take her arms from the tub, and swung round.

'Uncle Nathan!' she gasped.

The tall man with the bushy eyebrows coolly looked the girl over.

'Well,' he remarked, at last, 'when did you take to this sort of thing?'

'When school closed,' returned Maud, matching his ungenial tone. 'When an uncle hasn't called for months, and then pops in at the back door early Monday morning, and proceeds to take a niece to task for doing her duty, he doesn't deserve much consideration,' reasoned Maud to herself, while her uncle was studying her soaking gingham apron.

'Why?' he demanded, at length.

'Had to,' answered the girl, briefly.

'Why?' again questioned the none-too-agreeable voice.

'No money, no work,' returned Maud, concisely, as she pushed the suds down one arm with a finger and thumb.

'I've got some money,' observed Uncle Nathan, with a shrewd look.

Maud knew she was red when Uncle Nathan came in, and now she knew that she was red on red. But she would not let her uncle think it was guilty red, and she looked him straight in the eye as she said, indignantly, 'I've never coveted one cent of your money. All I ever hoped was that, as chairman of the school board, you would consider my application for a position as candidly as you would any other girl's. And if I stood as high and was as well entitled to the position, that you would incline to me because I am your brother's daughter.'

Uncle Nathan smiled under his drooping mustache, and dragged his long legs over to the chair beside the table.

'Like washing?' he asked, precisely as if he had dropped in for a morning call, and

was not an extra good hand at small talk.

Maud looked at him. Was he going to ignore the appeal which had cost her such an outlay of nervous force? Well, there was no use in losing one's temper over Uncle Nathan. One might as well meet him on his own ground.

Maud did her best to rid her voice of resentment before she replied: 'I try to like anything I have to do. And if I don't succeed in liking it, why, I do it just the same. I suppose that's the way to get to liking things—to keep on doing them. I might even get to doting on washing, if I kept at it long enough.'

Then, because she felt somewhat embarrassed, and because she was tired standing bolt upright beside the tub, she poured a fresh supply of boiling water into the tub, and went to scrubbing again.

Uncle Nathan made no attempt to resume the conversation, but took off his hat and threw it on the table. Then he streched out his long legs and fixed himself comfortably to watch the washing process.

But the girl at the tub was in no wise comfortable. It was worse than the hot day and the stifling steam combined to have Uncle Nathan sitting there like that. She felt like asking him if he had come to take lessons, and to remind him that in school they had the observers take a hand in the work. But, then, Uncle Nathan might not see the joke, and she really would not have him think her saucy. He was odd and crusty and sharp, but who wouldn't be, living alone for fifty years? He might have had the inestimable privilege of being mellowed by living with her and her mother, thought Maud, with an inward chuckle at Uncle Nathan's probable estimate of such a privilege.

'Rogers said that they sent you down to that ungraded class in the Abraham Lincoln district this spring, and that you kept the terrors absolutely quiet for a month. Is that so?' Uncle Nathan burst out, suddenly.

Maud laughed. 'Well, not absolutely quiet. I let them speak occasionally; to recite, you know.'

'Rogers said they had five substitutes there in two weeks, and they all left in disgust,' proceeded Uncle Nathan; 'and there wasn't another substitute to try on 'em, so they had to send up for a normal girl. Rogers said he had sent Alma Richardson, and the young scamps picked her up first thing and pitched her through the keyhole.'

'O Uncle Nathan!' protested Maud. 'Alma stands highest in the class. She's a splendid scholar, but she did hate to scold the children, that was all. She said if she had it to do over again, she would do very differently. That was rather a peculiar class. She might never strike another like it.'

'Yes, that Abraham Lincoln ungraded has always been a very peculiar class,' remarked Uncle Nathan, dryly. 'Rogers said they sent the Peters girl down next, and that the teachers all went running in to see if she had given her pupils a dose of poison, they were so quiet. And Devoll telephoned right up to the normal to tell Rogers that the Boers had surrendered at last.

'Why, it was nothing,' murmured Maud. 'I kept them hard at work, that was all. They didn't have time to cut up. It was really very simple.'

'That position is open,' observed Uncle Nathan, in his most businesslike tone. 'They've put the ungraded teacher into the seventh, and Devoll has asked for you. Do you want it?'

It was not exactly what she had hoped for. Maud had to admit that to herself, but only to herself. She raised a resolute face and looked at her uncle.

'I will take it, Uncle Nathan, and be glad to get it,' she said, pleasantly; 'and I thank you for helping me.'

Uncle Nathan rose and snatched his hat. 'I didn't help you,' he said, gruffly; 'not a bit. You helped yourself when you got the chance. I'm glad you had sense enough to see your chance. It isn't everybody that has. You have the regular old Peters' grit, and I'm proud of you, if you are a woman. If you'd had my money to depend on, you wouldn't have amounted to an old shoe-string.'

With which most agreeable parting shaft Uncle Nathan rushed out of the door. But he thrust his head back to say, 'You know the ungraded teacher has a hundred a year more than the regular teachers.' Then the door banged, and Uncle Nathan was gone.

For a minute Maud stook looking at the door, scarcely realizing what had come to her. Then she shook her arms and ran upstairs as fast as she could.

'O mother, mother,' she called, 'I have the school. Uncle Nathan just gave it to me. And we can live here, just the same, and we'll have Nora back to take care of you, and we'll not need to worry about money any more—not even Uncle Nathan's.

She Loved the Author.

A young lady, some years since, received a book as a present. She took it up several times and tried to read it, but it seemed dull. So it was laid aside. A year or two later she was introduced to a gentleman whom she met frequently after that. The two became excellent friends, and at length their friendship ripened into love. About that time, too, she discovered that he was the author of the book which she had tried to read and had found somewhat dull. She sought the book again; now every page held golden thoughts for her. It was no longer dull. The writer was her friend. Love was now her interpreter. She wondered how she could ever have considered the book uninteresting. The Bible seems dull to you—or at least you cannot find the interest in it that some people find in its pages. Perhaps if you knew Christ better it would be different. If you only remembered that he—your dearest and best Friend—is the Author of the book, its words would have new meanings for you.—Rev. J. R. Miller.

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The Imperial Chrysanthemum Party.

(Kara G. Smart, in 'Union Signal.')

Chief among the many new and varied experiences I have had in this Sunrise Land is that of the Imperial Garden Party, given by the Emperor of Japan, in the grounds of the Akasaka Palace, on November 12th.

Through the kindness of the United States Minister I was favored with an invitation to this important social function, which is always the event of the season.

An hour's ride in our jinrikishas brought us to the Eastern Gate of the palace grounds. We alighted, and after walking a few steps we came to two large white tents on each side of the driveway, just outside of the gate. Under a large awning in front of these tents were groups of officials and courtiers awaiting the arrival of the guests.

As we drew near, two of the courtiers came towards us, greeted us, took our cards, and passed us on through the gate, where we immediately found ourselves in a veritable fairy land.

With no one to act as a guide, we naturally followed the leading of a wide gravel walk which wound in and out and through the most bewitching scenery. Following it we found, stationed at intervals, the imperial guards in full uniform. As each guest passed a guard, he or she was greeted with the military salute. We walked on, and there burst upon our vision tiny lakes on whose placid bosoms the swans were quietly sailing; hills and dales clad in green, fringed with scarlet maple; a narrow and sinuous river was bridged at short distances by the most gracefully arched structures, and here and there we caught glimpses and heard the splashing of the pretty waterfalls, while beautiful hedges of bamboo and a shrub with waxy green leaves and bright red berries were to be found everywhere.

We climbed the hills and wandered down the valleys, often stopping to enjoy in wonder and admiration our beautiful surroundings. At last we came to the foot of the highest hill of all. Then began a long climb up the wooden steps set in the gravel walk, which led to the summit. We reached the top to find that the upper part of the hill had, seemingly, been cut off and levelled down to form an immense courtyard, surrounded on all sides with a high bamboo fence.

At the opening of the courtyard we were welcomed by a group of officials, and passed in to find ourselves in the midst of a most charming scene. On all sides were the immense bamboo booths under which were to be seen the dainty blossoms. Such a display of chrysanthemum flowers and plants we had never before seen and do not expect to see again. There they stood, like sentient beings, clad in white silk, and in handsome brocade satin—yellow, pink, red, purple and scarlet in color. There were rows and rows of them, each with its fancy name—'White Mountain Sunset View,' 'Field of Gold' and 'Chinese Brocadex.' Some of the larger plants had an extraordinarily large number of blossoms. One had 752 blossoms: Tachino-wo, a white variety, 465; and the most noted of all, Akagi, had this year the enormous number of 1,272 chrysanthemum flowers on a single thick stem. None of these

blossoms were pigmies either, but would measure at lease four or five inches in diameter. There were other plants with as many as seven varieties on one stem—white, brocade, yellow, mauve, pink, red and lilac.

In the open space between the flower booths the guests were gathered. As you watched them moving here and there, all laughing and chatting, you were impressed with the fact that the ladies in their beauty and loveliness vied with the flowers themselves as an attraction.

At the request of the Emperor all guests were dressed in European style—the gentlemen in the regulation black and white, with Prince Albert coats and silk hats; the ladies in light and brilliantly colored silks, satins and velvets. All of the representatives and attaches of the different foreign legations were present and they, with all the court officials, were in full uniform.

As we stood watching this human flower garden, we noticed two courtiers hasten down through the centre of the company, which immediately separated into two parts, leaving a wide path through the centre of the grounds. Someone whispered, 'The Empress is coming,' and shortly afterward the military bands, stationed at either end of the courtyard, began to play the National Hymn, and immediately following the gentlemen removed their hats, while all down the line we saw the people bowing low.

Presently, as we watched, two courtiers, dressed in rich dark green velvet suits, with gilt trimmings and made in Louis XVI. style, with white silk stockings, patent leather slippers, silver knee and slipper buckles, and military hats to match their suits, stepped into view and came towards us. Close behind them came Her Royal Highness, the Empress. She wore a handsome greenish white satin brocade, with hat to match, and carried a parasol. As she slowly moved along she smiled most sweetly and bowed gracefully to her assembled guests.

Following her came the Crown Princess, dressed in royal purple velvet, and behind her came the other court ladies, arrayed in gowns of beautiful texture and in all the colors of the rainbow. They made one think of exquisitely dressed dolls out on parade, they were so small and dainty in appearance.

Next in order came the wives of the foreign ministers, in rich and costly costumes, and back of them the ministers themselves. Then followed the numerous officials of the court, the army and the navy, in brilliant uniforms, and behind them the other notables fell into line as the procession moved along.

An awning had been erected for the Empress. Under this she stood for an hour or more and received the ministers of the foreign nations represented at this court. When the ceremony was over, we were directed to small tables, spread with white linen, and set in an open space in front of an immense refreshment booth (this booth was in itself a work of art and was most beautifully decorated), and here the ladies of the company were seated, while the gentlemen stood and served them with the many and delicious viands prepared for the occasion.

While the bands furnished delightful music, we indulged ourselves to our satisfaction in the finest of American foods and delicacies. In the midst of this pastime we were told that the Empress was about to depart, and in consequence each guest found a place in the crowd assembled along the path over which the Empress was to pass. She came as before, and passed as graciously, then we returned to the tables to finish our repast, and afterward, leisurely made our way out through the grounds to the gateway through which we had first entered. The Emperor's Chrysanthemum Garden Party was over for another year.

The Books of the Bible.

(Republished by Special Request.)

In Genesis, the world was made by God's creative hand;
In Exodus, the Hebrews march'd to gain the Promised Land:
Leviticus, contains the law, holy, just, and good.
Numbers, records the tribes, enroll'd—all sons of Abraham's blood.
Moses in Deuteronomy, recounts God's mighty deeds.
Brave Joshua, in Canaan's land the host of Israel leads.
In Judges, their rebellion oft provokes the Lord to smite.
But Ruth, records the faith of one well pleasing in His sight.
In First and Second Samuel, of Jesse's son we read.
Ten tribes in First and Second Kings, revolted from his Seed.
The First and Second Chronicles, see Judah captive made;
But Ezra, leads a remnant back by princely Cyrus' aid.
The city walls of Zion, Nehemiah builds again,
Whilst Esther, saves her people from plots of wicked men.
In Job, we read how faith will live beneath affliction's rod,
In David's Psalms, are precious songs to every child of God.
The Proverbs, like a goodly string of choicest pearls appear.
Ecclesiastes, teaches man how vain are all things here.
The Mystic song of Solomon, exalts sweet Sharon's Rose;
Whilst Christ the Saviour and the King the 'rapt Isaiah,' shows.
The warning Jeremiah,—Apostate Israel scorns;
His plaintive Lamentations, their awful downfall mourns,
Ezekiel, tells in wondrous words of dazzling mysteries;
Whilst kings and empires yet to come, Daniel, in vision sees.
Of judgment and of mercy, Hosea loves to tell:
Joel, describes the blessed day when God with man shall dwell.
Among Tekoe's herdsmen Amos received his call;
Whilst Obadiah prophesies of Edom's final fall.
Jonah, enshrines a wondrous type of Christ our risen Lord.
Micah, pronounces Judah lost,—lost, but again restored.
Nahum, declares on Nineveh just judgment shall be poured,
A view of Chaldea's coming doom, Habakkuk's vision give;
Next Zephaniah warns the Jews to turn, repent and live.
Haggai, wrote to those who saw the Temple built again,
And Zachariah prophesied of Christ's triumphant reign,
Malachi, was the last who touch'd the high prophetic chord;
Its final notes sublimely show the coming of the Lord.
Matthew and Mark, and Luke and John, the Holy Gospels wrote,
Describing how the Saviour died—his life—and all He taught.
Acts, prove how God the Apostles own'd with signs in every place.
St. Paul, in Romans, teaches us how man is sav'd by grace.
The Apostles, in Corinthians, instructs, exhorts, reproves.
Galatians, shows that faith in Christ alone the Father loves,
Ephesians, and Philippians, tell what Christians ought to be;
Colossians, bids us live to God and for eternity.
In Thessalonians, we are taught the Lord will come from Heaven.
In Timothy and Titus, the Elder's rule is given.
Philemon, marks a Christian's love, which only Christians know.
Hebrews, reveals the Gospel prefigured by the Law.
James, teaches without holiness faith is but vain and dead;
St. Peter, points the narrow way in which the Saints are led.
John, in his three Epistles on love delights to dwell.
St. Jude gives awful, warnings, of judgment, wrath, and hell.
The Revelations, prophesy of that tremendous day,
When Christ—and Christ alone shall be the trembling sinner's stay.

Foolscap.

Everyone knows what foolscap paper is, but not everyone knows why it was so called. An exchange ventures to remark that not one in a hundred that daily use it can answer the question. The following will tell you how the term originated:

When Oliver Cromwell became protector, after the execution of Charles I., he caused the stamp of the cap of liberty to be placed upon the paper used by the English government. Soon after the restoration of Charles II., having occasion to use some paper for dispatches, some of this government paper was brought to him.

On looking at it, and discovering the stamp, he inquired the meaning of it, and on being told, he said:

'Take it away; I have nothing to do with a fool's cap.'

The term 'foolscap' has since been applied to a certain size of glazed writing paper.—'Morning Star.'

Special Clubbing Offer.

'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' one year each, only $1.00 for both. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries excepting United States and its dependencies, also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

Taking the Risk

Roland Denney thought it was brave to be fearless, and often took unnecessary risks just to prove to the boys that he was not a coward. He did not realize that an actual hero is always brave enough to be afraid where danger exists, and that a truly courageous boy is never ashamed to take all necessary precautions to prevent possible accidents. He thought it was smart to ride a bridleless horse, to hop on and off trains or vehicles in motion, or to venture on ice when there were doubts of its safety.

One evening, just after school was dismissed, while the boys were on their way to a less dangerous point, Fred Manly said: 'If the "precipice" were only safe, what a tramp it would save us! Just look how smooth and white its surface is.'

'Wouldn't it make a dandy place to coast if we dared venture down?' replied George Danna, questioningly.

'There is nothing to hinder us from venturing down that I know of,' returned Roland, boastingly. 'I for one am ready to take the risk.'

'I dare you to try it, while it is so slippery,' retorted George. 'Why, you could not find a foothold from top to bottom.'

'No matter about that; I'd make the trip all right,' answered Roland, loftily. 'I never take a dare; so let me get my cutter started squarely, and I'll show you how much I fear the race.'

'You'd better keep on the safe side by trying your luck on Lacy Hill,' urged Fred. 'This is a dangerous place at best, and in its present icy condition about as risky a trip as you could take.'

'I'm not afraid of it, and, as I said before, I will take the risk, danger or no danger,' replied Roland, preparing to descend.

'Then take my sled,' insisted Fred, 'it is strong, and can be guided much more easily than your cutter.'

'This is plenty good enough for me,' returned Roland, stubbornly, taking his place on the guideless cutter. Then, waving his cap with careless bravado, he started down the incline, laughing gleefully. The boys shouted and clapped their hands and waved their caps to cheer him on; but before he was half-way down the steep grade, a wild shriek from an approaching locomotive put a sudden check to their boisterous fun. In their excitement they had forgotten that it was time for the evening express, and their noise had prevented them from hearing its rumblings after it had entered the long cut.

'If he had only taken my self-guider, he would be safe!' exclaimed Fred, the smile on his face changing to a look of horror.

'He will make it all right,' said George, with a twinge of conscience at having dared the boy to such a foolhardy adventure. 'He's gained the race,' he added, replacing his cap confidently, just as the cutter shot across the track in front of the big engine.

The next moment the train had passed and the way was clear; but there was no sign of either cutter or boy at the foot of the hill. The engine had struck the end of the sled.

Fearless when there was real need, Fred and two of the older boys now ventured down to the place of the accident, and there, in the snow, they found Roland, with a crushed ankle, while around him were scattered pieces of the cutter, wrecked by the touch it had received from the powerful engine. There were weeks and months of intense suffering in store for poor Roland, and, although his foot was saved, it was useless, and for the remainder of his life he was compelled to go about on crutches, the clumsy things being a reminder of the foolhardy risk he had taken. Too late to save himself from a crippled life, he learned that true bravery has always the courage to fear in places of danger, and that heroes are cowards enough to avoid unnecessary risks when nothing but their bravery is called into question.—Belle V. Chisholm, in 'Sabbath-School Visitor.'

Don't Touch That Wire.

Such was the warning given a young man who was standing on a ladder, forty feet from the ground, painting a house. The caution was given in the best of faith, and his friend standing on the ground called out as earnestly as though his own life depended upon it. Again he said:—'Rob, don't touch that wire, it's'—he doubtless meant to say the wire was 'live,' for it was an electric wire, but before the words were out of his mouth the young man attempting to reach over the wire to paint a spot beyond, unintentionally, perhaps, let his wrist come in contact with it. He uttered a faint ejaculation as though about to cry of pain or call for help; then he reeled, evidently in an attempt to free himself, when he lost his balance and fell heavily, head foremost to the sidewalk. His friend rushed to his side, as did a policeman and others, but too late, the young man was dead. Whether killed by the electric shock or the fall no one could say, as the force with which he struck the stone pavement seemed sufficient to kill anyone.

In thus describing a sad accident which occurred in a southern city, we are reminded of the fact that just such outcries of warning, and accidents far more sad, are occurring all about us. Young men, boys and girls, are constantly being warned by parents, pastors and friends not to touch the many 'live wires' which are everywhere to be seen, but seemingly to little effect. They either do not hear or else they conclude that it cannot be possible that there is as much danger as people think for, hence touch and die. How men dread the deadly electric wire! but see how unconcerned they seem about other instruments of death. There is the drinking saloon; the best men and women throughout the civilized world are crying out lustily: 'Don't touch it, it's live!' But who heeds them? Every year thousands of the most vigorous and most promising youth of the land take their place in the ranks of the great army of drinkers, moderate drinkers at first, and then with sixty thousand other drunkards go down to destruction and the grave. Don't touch that wire!—'North-Western Christian Advocate.'

Autumn Offers.

See the special autumn offers announced in this issue. The boys and girls have the opportunity of securing a premium and at the same time extend the usefulness of the 'Messenger' by circulating it among their friends.

Her Manner.

The born leader paused with pencil suspended, and looked round, impressively, 'Now, there's that Mrs. Flint. If she were a different sort of woman, we might count on her for any number of things. She might even give us the five dozen lemons, if she wanted to. But the last time we had a social I asked her for a contribution, and she declined, and looked tremendously bored into the bargain.' The girl whom they all declared a born leader looked resentful.

'But Mrs. Flint gave us five dollars once,' remarked one girl.

'I know she did,' promptly responded the chairman's aggressive voice. 'That's why I went to her.'

'She gave the five dollars to Alice Ingham,' observed another girl. 'She told my mother that whenever the young people were getting up things, she would be only too happy to contribute food, money, anything, if they would send Alice Ingham. She says Alice is so sweet and pleasant that she enjoys having her call.'

Alice Ingham gasped, deprecatingly, 'O Emma, how can you?'

'It's true, every word of it,' protested the other girl.

'Well,' laughed the leader, ungraciously, 'sweet and pleasant isn't exactly in my line. But when it comes to business, I can do that. So Alice Ingham goes down for Mrs. Flint.'

'You see,' exclaimed Emma to Alice afterwards, 'Mrs. Flint is so generous that I could not bear to have the girls misjudge her. Frances will take everything by the wrong handle. Mrs. Flint resented her stand-and-deliver, money-or-your-life air. Frances has a fine head for planning, but she has about as much tact as a—a—clam. One shut up on my finger last summer, showing a decided lack of tact, I thought. Of course, we understand how kind-hearted and honorable Frances really is, and we can make allowances for her; but her being so exceedingly business-like in private life is a mistake, I think.'

Yes, one's manner does make a difference. Since, like the pleasant voice, it can be had by any girl who determines to have it, we can only wonder that the girl with a charming manner is not more common. —'Wellspring.'

What Then?

'What are you going to do?' said S. Philip Neri to a young man who was just entering upon life.

'I hope,' was the answer, 'to complete my education at the University.'

'And what then?'

'I shall learn a profession, and shall devote myself to it.'

'And what then?'

'I shall marry as soon as I can afford it.'

'And what then?'

'No doubt then I shall have enough to do in educating and providing for my family.'

'And what then?'

'Well, in course of time, I shall get to be an old man.'

'And what then?' asked his persevering questioner.

'In time, I suppose—well, I suppose I shall die.'

'And what then?'

There was silence. The young man had never looked so far ahead as that. Have we?—Mabel Medley Wooler.

LITTLE FOLKS

A Strange Foster-Mother.

(F. E., in 'Sunday Reading for the Young.')

Some weeks ago Mrs. S——, who looks after the poultry here, was feeding them in a field near the farmyard, and a number of fowls were hurrying over a gate towards her—in the middle of them was a grey cat, which seemed to be on the best of terms with both young and old. Mrs. S—— told us that she

had been brought up with the chickens, and was perfectly safe with them.

Two or three days later this cat produced three kittens on the straw in the cowshed, close to the manger, under which, within a couple of feet of her, a two-year-old Dorking hen, which had laid but one egg in her life, had made a sort of nest, and apparently had persuaded herself that she would astonish the world with the brood she expected. A little later the kittens had disappeared, but were found directly afterwards under the hen's feathers, where they made themselves quite at home.

Their eyes are now open, and they crawl about over their protectress, or over their mother, who goes away, after the manner of her kind, on foraging expeditions, returning at short intervals and cuddling up in the most confiding way against the hen, who occasionally pecks at her, more as if she meant to scold her than with the idea of keeping her off. The mother is not jealous of our attentions to the kittens, but is quite ready to rush at an enemy in the shape of a dog, while the hen clucks at any one who takes up one of her charges, but does not seem uneasy about it, and tucks the little things comfortably in again when they are returned to her.

The puzzle is how did the kittens get over the foot or two of distance between the place where they made their first appearance and that selected by the hen for her nest? If mother cat did not carry them to the hen—who did? Certainly no human being did. Can it be that she saw that when the rightful owner of the bed—the cow—came in there was danger of her family being converted into pancakes?

The New Scholar.

(By Emma C. Dowd, in 'Youth's Companion.')

It was the first day of school, sunshiny and beautiful, and the girls and boys that attended Miss Capen's private school were flocking toward her house with eager, happy faces.

When Milly Barnes and May Wander opened the door of the schoolroom, they stopped talking to stare at three little girls whom they had never seen before.

The new scholars sat in chairs near the teacher's desk, and they looked very stiff and conscious and uncomfortable.

Nobody spoke to them until some children came in who knew two of the strangers. They began talking at once, and that made the third little girl feel more forlorn than ever.

Finally May Wander turned to her with the abrupt question:

'What's your name?'

A flush overspread the new scholar's face, but she looked down and did not answer.

May and her companions laughed, which attracted the attention of others, and the cause of their merriment looked as if she wanted to run away and cry.

'Why don't you tell us what your name is?' persisted May.

There was still no answer, and with smiles and whispering the children drew a little apart.

Presently another girl entered, and there was a general rush toward her. She was loud-voiced and talkative, and the shy new scholar heard her say, in reply to somebody's question:

'Why, it's Mr. Disbrow's little girl, Jessie Disbrow! She lives up on Maple Street. Their servant told ours that she was ten years old and had never been to school; so I guess she don't know much, anyway!'

Jessie Disbrow listened with reddening cheeks, and then in a moment she heard May Wander whisper loudly to a late-comer, 'The new scholar over there don't know much—Hattie Bangs says so! I asked her what her name was, and she couldn't tell!'

This was more than bashful, sensitive little Jessie could bear, and slipping into the dressing-room, she hurried to put on her jacket. If this was the longed-for school, she thought she wanted no more of it.

Her hat was on and she was about to start for home when the teacher found her.

Miss Capen understood little girls, and she let Jessie have a good cry on her shoulder before she attempted to remove the wraps. When she discovered the cause of the tears she must have known just how to smooth away the trouble, for a few minutes later Jessie reappeared in the schoolroom, able to meet the gaze of the pupils with little discomfiture.

Jessie was placed in the second class in reading, along with May Wander and Hattie Bangs; but when it was the new scholar's turn to read she did not stumble over the long words as Hattie and May had stumbled, but she read the paragraph assigned her almost as well as Miss Capen could have read it.

The children looked their astonishment, and the teacher said at once that Jessie must go into the first class, which brought a tiny smile of gratefulness to the shy face.

When the third class in arithmetic was called there was a new surprise, for it was learned that Jessie Disbrow had studied nearly to fractions; and when Hattie Bangs could not tell how much seven times nine was, and Miss Capen asked Jessie, she not only gave the correct answer, but at the teacher's request repeated the sevens and eights of the multiplication table without a break.

Glances of approval ran around the class, and enough smiles of cordiality and admiration were given the new scholar to raise a hope in her heart that friends would not be lacking.

In geography and grammer and spelling Jessie was far in advance of the others of her age, and Miss Capen made the little girl very happy by saying that her mamma was so good a teacher she would like her to come and teach some of her girls and boys.

'Well, Hattie,' said May Wander, when school was dismissed, 'I hope there won't any more scholars come here that "don't know much," if they're going to turn out like this one! My, isn't she smart! Miss Capen won't be satisfied now till we can say the multiplication table as well as Jessie Disbrow can!'

The Flower Family.

(By Anna A. Gordon, in 'Union Signal.')

Miss Gordon wrote these verses on the train after she left Eagle's Nest on her way to Northfield as she was being carried along through the fields which were beautiful in their summer dress.

A wise little maid, of summers three,
Stole off to the meadow one sunny morn;
There were many things she longed to see,
Like lady-slippers and tassels of corn.

In her dimpled hand she carried bread
To eat when she found a butter-cup full.
'I'll not be scared,' she sturdily said—
'Dandy-lion's long tail I will pull.

'I'll see how many pussies on willows grow,
When I find them they surely will mew;
I'll look for the dog who lost his dog-toe—
He will want to come home with me, too.

'I'll ring all the blue-bells loud and clear,
They will look like the pretty blue sky;
The humming-birds will come when they hear—
I'll invite them to lunch by and by.

'I hope some grass-hopping I shall see,
And Katy will tell what she really did;
'Twill be nice to know, for then—it may be
Katy didn't, instead of she did.

'I have been to church only once, and then
I went quite fast asleep right away;
But to Jack-in-the-pulpit down in the glen
I could listen the livelong day.'

* * * *

They found her far down the blossoming field
Still trudging; the brave little mite;
Her flowery quest unwilling to yield
Though no butter nor bells blessed her sight.

* * * *

Ah me! 'tis long since childhood's dear days,
Yet still their sweet fancies I share,—
Their halo of hope, their mystical maze,
The peace of my mother's prayer.

God grant me the boon of a child-like soul,
Its joy and its trust complete;
The kingdom of heaven my only goal,
Till its welcoming gates I greet.

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Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Sept., 1903, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

LESSON I.—OCTOBER 4.

David Brings Up the Ark.

II. Samuel vi., 12.

Golden Text.

Blessed are they that dwell in thy house. Psalm lxxxiv., 4.

Home Readings.

Monday, Sept. 28.—II. Sam. vi., 1-11.
Tuesday, Sept. 29.—II. Sam. vi., 12-19.
Wednesday, Sept. 30.—I. Chron. xiii., 1-14.
Thursday, Oct. 1.—I. Chron. xv., 25; xvi. 3.
Friday, Oct. 2.—Ex. xxv., 10-22.
Saturday, Oct. 3.—I. Sam. iv., 1-11.
Sunday, Oct. 4.—I. Sam. vi., 10; vii., 2.

1. Again David gathered together all the chosen men of Israel thirty thousand.
2. And David arose and went with all the people that were with him from Baale of Judah, to bring up from thence the ark of God, whose name is called by the name of the Lord of hosts that dwelleth between the cherubims.
3. And they set the ark of God upon a new cart, and brought it out of the house of Abinadab that was in Gibeah: and Uzzah and Ahio, the sons of Abinadab, drave the new cart.
4. And they brought it out of the house of Abinadab, which was at Gibeah, accompanying the ark of God: and Ahio went before the ark.
5. And David and all the house of Israel played before the Lord on all manner of instruments made of fir wood, even on harps, and on psalteries, and on timbrels, and on cornets, and on cymbals.
6. And when they came to Nachon's threshing floor, Uzzah put forth his hand to the ark of God, and took hold of it; for the oxen shook it.
7. And the anger of the Lord was kindled against Uzzah; and God smote him there for his error; and there he died by the ark of God.
8. And David was displeased, because the Lord had made a breech upon Uzzah: and he called the name of the place Perezuzzah to this day.
9. And David was afraid of the Lord that day, and said, How shall the ark of the Lord come to me?
10. So David would not remove the ark of the Lord unto him into the city of David: but David carried it aside into the house of Obed-edom the Gittite.
11. And the ark of the Lord continued in the house of Obed-edom the Gittite three months: and the Lord blessed Obed-edom, and all his household.
12. And it was told king David, saying, The Lord hath blessed the house of Obed-edom, and all that pertaineth unto him, because of the ark of God. So David went and brought up the ark of God from the house of Obed-edom into the city of David with gladness.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

INTRODUCTION.

In our last lesson about David, three weeks ago, we saw him at last come to be king over all Israel. The tribes that refused, under Abner's leadership, to recognize King David, at last acknowledged their allegiance to him. Abner and Ishbosheth, Saul's son, who opposed David, soon met violent deaths as we learn from the Scripture which comes between the last regular lesson and this one. David did not find the opening years of his reign entirely peaceful, for his old enemies the Philistines gave him trouble, though he conquered them, and there were other conflicts as well.

But David was not content to be merely a conqueror of enemies; he sought to serve God in a high and true sense, and to better the condition of his people. He brought about a revival of religion, which under Saul had suffered a decline. In I. Chronicles we learn still more fully of the king's labors in this direction.

David was at the time of this lesson about forty-four years old, having reigned for fourteen years. The ark representing the presence of God, had for about seventy years been at Kirjath-jearim, a few miles west of Jerusalem, and in this lesson we have the account of David's effort to bring it to Jerusalem, which he had taken and made his capital. So far as any physical thing could be such, the ark was the centre of the religious life of the people, for, as has been said, it represented the very presence of God.

THE LESSON STUDY.

1. 'Again David gathered together all the chosen men of Israel, thirty thousand.' When we come to examine into the gathering of this large company, we see its great significance. In I. Chronicles xiii. we have a somewhat more extended account, and discover that these thirty thousand chosen men were gathered from the utmost parts of the country, so that this great religious act was calculated to interest and impress the whole nation. They assembled at Baale, that is, Kirjath-jearim.

2. 'And David arose, and went with all the people that were with him,' etc. The name 'Baale' is an old name for Kirjath-jearim. The purpose of this gathering is stated in this verse, and special mention is here made of the name of the Lord. The Revised Version says, 'Which is called by the Name, even the name of the Lord of hosts.' The word Lord, when printed in capitals, as here, is the translation of 'Jehovah,' meaning the absolute sovereign over every being and thing in the universe. The cherubim were the figures upon the ark.

3. 'And they set the ark of God upon a new cart,' etc. They showed a desire to reverence the ark by devoting to it a cart that had never been used for other purposes. Still, this was not according to the law governing the removal of the ark from one place to another. Read Numbers iv., to learn how the ark was to be transported. This disregard of God's law led to disaster. It will not do to seek to honor or obey him in our own way; we must do it in his way. 'To obey is better than sacrifice.'

4. 'Gibeah,' referred to in this verse, is better translated 'the hill,' meaning a place at Kirjath-jearim.

5. 'And David and all the house of Israel played before the Lord on all manner of instruments,' etc. The bringing up of the ark was to be the beginning of a spiritual revival, and it was a time for expressing great joy. Music has always been a means for expressing jow, so that it was very natural that David and those with him should employ various instruments of music.

6. 'Uzzah put forth his hand to the ark of God.' Had the ark been carried in the proper way this would not have occurred. The stumbling oxen led one of two brothers who were driving the cart to reach out to steady the ark, as it was being shaken.

7. 'And God smote him there for his error,' etc. This was not a sudden, unaccountable act of God, for we read in Numbers iv. the rules governing the carrying of the ark, and in the 15th verse it says, 'But they shall not touch any holy thing, lest they die.' Israel had been neglecting their religion, and forgetting God's law, and now a terribly impressive object lesson was given in the presence of thirty thousand chosen representatives from all parts of their country. It was as though God would warn the whole nation again of the results of disregarding his holy law, and at the same time remind them of his power.

8. 'And David was displeased,' etc. This word seems not to convey exactly the right idea. David was dismayed at the sudden turn of affairs.

9. 'And David was afraid of the Lord that day,' etc. He was called from his rejoicing to realize that the divine will had been neglected. Zeal alone will not do. It must be backed by the observance of law.

10. 'So David would not remove the ark of the Lord,' etc. The enthusiasm and joy were gone, and he now realized that he must learn how to conduct this thing rightly.

11. 'The ark of the Lord continued in the house of Odeb-edom the Gittite three months,' etc. Obed-edom was of the 'sons of Kohath,' appointed to the special service of carrying the ark and other things of the tabernacle. Read Numbers iv., 1-4; and I. Chronicles xxvi., 1-8.

12. 'So David went and brought up the ark,' etc. He had heard how God blessed Obed-edom, who cared for the ark three months. This encouraged David, making him realize that the presence of the ark was a blessing, when accompanied by obedience, and he now completed the task of bringing it to Jerusalem. The presence and gifts of God are blessings to any life, but the responsibilities they involve must not be overlooked.

Next week we have, 'God's Covenant with David,' II. Sam. vii., 4-16.

C. E. Topic

Sunday, Oct. 4.—Topic—Great men of the Bible: what Abraham teaches us. Gen. xii., 1-8; Heb. vii., 1-10; Rom. iv., 1-9.

Junior C. E. Topic.

PAUL'S SHIPWRECK.

Monday, Sept. 28.—Hindering winds. John vi., 18.
Tuesday, Sept. 29.—Faith and courage. Isa. xxvi., 3.
Wednesday, Sept. 30.—Being cheerful. Matt. xiv., 26, 27.
Thursday, Oct. 1.—An island of safety. Ps. xxvii., 5.
Friday, Oct. 2.—Thanks for deliverance. Ps. cxvi., 16.
Saturday, Oct. 3.—A desired haven. Ps. cvii., 30.
Sunday, Oct. 4.—Topics—Lessons from Paul's shipwreck. Acts xxvii., 21-44.

Visit and Invite.

(The Rev. James Mursell.)

The teacher should visit his scholars in their homes. Knowledge of their home surroundings, and of the influence predominating there, is vital. Visiting should be systematic, and be carried on simply on the ground of his relation to his class. Absence and sickness offer special opportunities for visits, and for personal conversation upon spiritual themes. If flowers or fruit accompany the visit so much the better. A jelly sent to a sick boy may win him for Christ, where what he would call 'preaching' repels. Birthdays are another opening for individual effort. Children love to be remembered on these anniversaries, and a letter—of course sent through the post—is keenly relished, and often treasured all through life.

Open your home to your scholars. If you have a pear tree in the garden, ask the boys to come and gather the fruit for you, and give them two or three to take away. Set apart an evening once a month and let them come and play a game or two, and finish up with cakes and hot milk, and family prayers.

Old Country Friends.

Do our subscribers all know that the postage on papers to Great Britain and Ireland has been so greatly reduced that we can now send any of our publications, postage paid, at the same rates as obtain in Canada.

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'Northern Messenger,' post paid, 30c year.

Temperance

The Boy with a Bad Mark.

'A BOY WANTED.'

There stood the notice in the shop window in large staring characters, as if to say that the people inside were really in earnest on the matter.

A small crowd of boys stood outside the shop looking at the notice. It was Saturday morning and they had a holiday from school; some of them were tired of learning and wanted to commence life on their own account, so they had agreed to take a walk together around some of the chief streets of the city in order to find out if any situations were vacant.

'Jack Martin,' said one of the lads who seemed to be a kind of leader, pointing to the notice, 'here you are, the very thing. Go in, Jack, and try your luck.'

Jack hesitated; it was easy enough talking about getting a situation, but it was very different to go into a place of business, and perhaps be asked any number of very unpleasant questions.

'No, no,' replied Jack, 'I don't care about an ironmonger's. Here you, Bill Fielding, you are very fond of pocket knives, why don't you have a try?'

'A tip-top place, I should think,' said the leader of the little crowd of excited boys. 'Just see what you'll learn here, fenders and fire-irons, lamps, and knives and forks, much better than quill driving all day in a stuffy office.'

'A splendid idea,' remarked Bob Ratcliff, 'your fortune is made if you only get this situation. You start at six shillings a week, you go on step by step till you become partner, then you marry the master's daughter. Of course, you become Lord Mayor of London, and live a regular toff. Go in, Jack, my boy, I see the guv-nor waiting for you behind the counter with outstretched arms.'

The boys laughed, and some of them peeping through the window saw a benevolent looking old gentleman surrounded with innumerable parcels, all of which had been opened to satisfy a tiresome customer, who after all only purchased a pennyworth of screws.

Jack being urged on so much by his companions to venture in, at last gained courage, and pushing open the door, walked straight up to the counter while his companions stood almost breathless with anxiety to know the result.

'Well, and what do you want, my little lad?' said Mr. Hammer kindly.

'I want a situation, sir,' answered Jack, his cap in his hand and his eyes fixed on the floor.

Mr. Hammer looked at the boy as if he were not only trying to read his face but also to see how his internal organs were doing their duty.

'Sorry I can't take you, my boy, you've got a bad mark on you, and I can't have a boy here with a bad mark on him.'

Jack felt a bit alarmed as Mr. Hammer made this remark. He wasn't aware that he was so distinguished from other boys. Had he any spots on his face showing that he was going to have small-pox, or what was it that had marked him out as unfit for the vacant situation?

'Please, sir, I've been vaccinated,' Jack ventured to say, hoping that this might put things right.

Mr. Hammer laughed so loudly at this that Jack blushed deeply, and wished himself outside with his companions.

'Put your hands on the counter, my boy,' said Mr. Hammer.

Jack did as he was told.

'Now, tell me, what are those brown stains on the fingers of your right hand?'

Mr. Hammer spoke severely now as if he meant to know the truth and nothing else.

'Oh, they're nothing, sir, they'll soon wash off,' replied Jack.

'Now, I'll tell you what those stains mean, they mean you smoke cigarettes, they mean that when you have any pocket money, instead of spending it in a good way, you waste it in tobacco.'

Jack felt himself getting very weak in the knees, and wished he could bolt out, but Mr. Hammer had come round to the other side of the counter and was right in the way of the door.

'Now, my boy,' continued Mr. Hammer, 'I never take a boy who smokes tobacco. I don't like to see a boy wasting his time, stopping his growth, and generally doing himself harm by this habit. Go outside and tell your companions that boys with cigarette marks on their fingers will not get good situations.'

Jack was crestfallen, he never said a word; but when he and his friends had got a short distance from the shop, he held up the the stained fingers and remarked—

'It's no good, chums, we can't get places if we smoke cigarettes.'—'Temperance Record.'

Correspondence

LETTER TO THE TEXT-HUNTERS.

Dear Tinies,—Here is another text-hunt for you. You will find the texts in Psalm cxix. This is specially for you, Tinies, but your big brothers and sisters may send in answers, too, so long as they write down their ages. We will have another 'Hunt' next week, so your answers should be sent within a week.—Ed.

1. Open Thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.
2. Thy statutes have been my songs.
3. Thy word is true from the beginning.
4. The entrance of thy word giveth light.
5. Thy word have I hid in my heart.
6. Thy word is a lamp unto my feet.
7. Order my steps in thy word.

SUCCESSFUL SCRIPTURE SEARCHERS.

Annie Taylor, 11. B. D. Moulton, 13.

BIBLE COMPETITION.

No. 1.—New version.—Even a farmer has to wait for the crop so precious to him. Old version.—James v., 7: The husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit and hath long patience for it, until he receives the first and latter rain.

No. 2.—New version.—Every perfect endowment is from above. Old version.—James i., 17: Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above.

No. 3.—New version.—In his case faith and actions went together. Old version.—James ii., 21: Was not Abraham our father justified by works when he offered up Isaac upon the altar.

No. 4.—New version.—Put that teaching into practice and do not merely listen to it. Old version.—James ii., 22: But be ye doers of the word and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves.

No. 5.—New version.—Such a man's religious observances are valueless. Old version.—James i., 26: If any man among you seem to be religious and bridleth not his tongue—religion is vain.

No. 6.—New version.—God is opposed to the haughty. Old version.—James iv., 6: But he giveth more grace wherefore he saith, God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble.

No. 7.—New version.—To keep oneself from the contamination of the world. Old version.—James i., 27: Pure religion and undefiled before God the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction. To keep himself unspotted from the world.

No. 8.—New version.—Think how tiny a spark will set the largest fire ablaze. Old version.—James iii., 5: Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth.

Pontypool, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eleven years old. My birthday is on May 24. I came from London, England, and I came across the sea last May. I was sick on the water. I left my mother and all my friends in England, and came to Canada to live with Mrs. G., near a little village called Pontypool. I go to drum school. I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school every Sunday. I have never seen a letter from Pontypool. I never wrote a letter for the paper before. I will try to write a better one next time. FLORENCE W.

Havelock, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I received the Bagster Bible you sent me, and I like it very much. My mamma takes the 'Northern Messenger,' and I have been reading the little girls' letters, so I thought I would write one, too. We would not like to do without the 'Messenger' in our home. My papa is a farmer. Our farm consists of two hundred acres, and lies near a small village called Havelock, north of the I.C.R. A small brook runs through our farm, where we sometimes catch fish. In Havelock there are three churches, the Baptist, Methodist and Episcopal. We attend the Baptist church, of which the Rev. J. W. B. has been the well-beloved and energetic pastor for nearly four years. In Havelock there is a high school, a cheese factory, a flour mill, and mineral spring. The water of this spring is used for various purposes. Situated near this spring is a hotel, called the Spring House. A great many people visit there in summer. I attend school regularly. I have one sister and two brothers and one grandma. My birthday is on July 29.

VIOLET R. T. (age 10).

Waldergrave, Col. Co., N.S.

Dear Editor,—As it is quite a while since I wrote last, I thought I would write to you again. At present I am visiting my aunt, and am twenty-two miles from my home. I found all the verses in the last Bible Competition, and am sending a list of them. My cousin lent me the 'Messenger,' so I could study the lesson. I have read quite a lot of books. The names of some I liked best are: 'John Halifax,' 'Our Bessie,' 'Westward Ho!' 'Spun from Fact,' 'Ivanhoe,' 'Ben Hur,' 'The Prince of the House of David,' 'The Pillar of Fire,' and 'The Throne of David,' by the Rev. J. A. Ingraham. I read 'St. Elmo,' 'Infelice,' and 'Beulah,' by A. J. Evans-Wilson, and I liked them pretty well. 'Minnie Merle,' in 'Infelice,' was the one I liked most; but 'Regina' was nice, too. St. Elmo was much nicer after he reformed; but I thought he was very much in need of it. Since I wrote last I read 'The Sky Pilot,' so I have read all of Ralph Connor's stories except the very latest, and enjoyed them all. I liked Mrs. Murray and Kate Raymond best when I read 'The Man from Glengarry.' Mrs. Murray was lovely, and Kate was so full of fun, I liked her. I did not care so much for Maimie, though. I thought Jeanie Barrett, in 'Spun from Fact,' was lovely. I have read fourteen of Pansy's stories, and liked every one of them, especially a story called 'Mis-Sent.' Miss Stafford was lovely, and I enjoyed it very much. I hope this letter is not too long.

CHRISTINA JEAN McI. (age 19).

Mail Bag.

McPherson's Mills, Sept. 11.

Dear Editor,—Please accept my thanks for the 'Bagster Bible' which I received Friday evening. I think it a valuable premium for so little work.

I enjoy reading the 'Messenger' very much. Later I will try and get more subscribers. Yours truly,

ANNIE KATE CAMERON.

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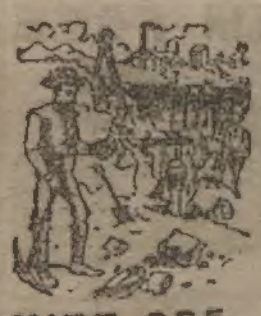

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THEO. NOEL, Geologist,

N. M. DEPT.
Yonge & Temperance Streets, = = = = = TORONTO, ONT.

Water Drinking and Health.

The human body contains a complete sewerage system in which poisonous and disease producing refuse is constantly gathering and jeopardizing the health. The same rule which applies to municipal sanitation will also apply to personal sanitation, and the danger of disease may be forestalled by flushing out this sewerage system with an excess of water. Just as truly as the gathering of filth from the city in the 'sewerage veins' endangers the lives of the inhabitants, so the poisons generated by the bodily metabolism, collected in the excretory organs, will jeopardize the lives of the millions of inhabitants of the body, the living cells. Every action of muscle or of nerve accompanied by the destruction of cells which, if not eliminated, will accumulate like clinkers.

Aside from the mere 'choking of the flues,' we must bear in mind that the body is constantly generating poisons, which, if eliminated freely, will do no harm; but which, if retained, will be productive of disease. Such a poison is uric acid, which is charged justly with causing rheumatism, gout, constant headaches, dizziness and a train of other symptoms, and it must be seen that if the accumulation of refuse is the cause of such conditions, the logical means of cure is its elimination. Other 'products of metabolism' create their own types of disease and all may be prevented by the free use of water.

A beginning of kidney trouble lies in the fact that people, especially women, do not drink enough water. They pour down tumblers of ice water as an accompaniment to a meal, but that is worse than no water, the chill preventing digestion, and indigestion being an indirect promoter of disease. A tumbler of water sipped in the morning immediately on rising, another at night, are recommended by physicians. Try to drink as little water as possible with meals, but take a glassful half an hour to an hour before eating. This rule persisted in day after day, month after month, the complexion will improve, and the general health likewise. Water drunk with meals should be sipped, as well as taken sparingly.—'Good Housekeeping.'

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Nos. 82795, Messrs. Michaud & Desjardins, Montreal, Que., bouquet holder; 82806, Ad. Lambert, Manchester N.H., curtain bracket; 82814, Jacob Standinger, Red Deer, Alberta, harrow; 82838, Emilien Alf. Manny, Beauharnois, Que., canal lock gate; 82843, Hercule Hamelin, Montreal, Que., baby gate; 82854, Wm. Cross, Calgary, Alberta, washing and drying apparatus for photographic films; 82870, Joseph Frs. Freve, St. Arsene, Que., loom; 82889, Martin H. Miller, Wiarton, Ont., process of sugar making.

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Makes 300 Revolutions in a minute. Easy running, swift and powerful. Strongly made of steel and brass, handsomely nickel plated. Has belt wheel, steam whistle and safety valve, iron stand, brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and Russian iron burner compartments. Boys! this big powerful Steam Engine is free to you for selling at 25c. each only 4 large beautifully colored pictures named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," "Christ before Pilate," and "Rock of Ages." These pictures are handsomely finished in 12 colors and could not be bought for less than 50c. each in any store. We give a 50c. certificate free with each picture. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the pictures postpaid. Don't delay, as we have only a limited quantity of these special Engines on hand. Arnold Wiseman, Kirkton, Ont., said: "My Engine is a beauty and a grand premium for so little work." The Home Art Co., Dept. 471 Toronto, Ont.

FREE SOLID GOLD RING

for selling only 4 50c. **Pictures** at **25c.** each. A 50c. certificate free with each Picture. Send us your name and address on a **post card** and we will mail you postpaid 4 large, beautifully colored pictures each **16 x 22** inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," "Christ before Pilate," and "Rock of Ages." These pictures are handsomely finished in **12** colors and could not be bought for less than 50c. each in any store. You sell them for only 25c. each, send us the money and for your trouble we will give you a **beautifully engraved real Solid Gold Ring,** set with genuine precious stones, **Pearls, Garnets and Turquois".** Lydia Smith, Necum Teuch, N.S., said: "I received my beautiful ring and am perfectly delighted with it. It looks exactly like a $4.00 Ring and is an excellent Premium for the small amount of work I did for you." Girls, write us to-day and this handsome Ring will be yours in a short time. **Home Art Co., Dept. 5 4 Toronto.**

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